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THE INTELLIGENCER.

WHEELING, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

To Gull the Public.

Every now and then some scheme is hatched by the cupidity of some conscienceless rascal to gull the people, and as there are many persons who are less than to become wealthy with the least possible exertion most any kind of bait will catch them.

There is a homely truism that "there is a sucker born every minute," ready to be duped by the thinnest of rainbow propositions. That crooked schemes are exposed every day in the press appears to have no effect on the gullible. One of the latest "sure roads to wealth" is a scheme operated by a concern in an eastern city, calling itself a "syndicate," and offering the most tempting inducements to the simple-minded to separate themselves from their money. It is sending out circulars in which it offers to secure a return of ten per cent weekly on all money entrusted to it for investment. It has resorted to the old dodge of assuring those to whom it appeals for patronage that it has "inside information" relative to the stock market, which comes from "reliable sources." The syndicate guarantees all who send money to it against loss, "there being absolutely no risk of losing."

This is all very dazzling, but if one would only think over the matter for a minute how gaudy the scheme would look. This is not a charitable world in the sense these schemers would have us believe. Any man who has a good thing is not going to give it away in any such reckless fashion. Having such advantages for making money, as the "syndicate" claims it has, he must be the most glib of men who imagines they would not use the "inside information" for themselves. The philanthropy of the offer is too preposterous for serious comment. It is on a par with other methods of sharpers who get the money of the foolish; similar to the man who wrote on for an advertised cure for bad dreams and was told to keep awake. An efficacious remedy, but scarcely practicable.

Pink Tea Politics.

Mrs. Miles, the wife of General Nelson A. Miles, has been talking, and she has been talking for publication, and the interview with her published in a Chicago paper, bears the flavor of the chatter of the home circle. In some respects her statements are somewhat illogical. Speaking of Admiral Dewey and the presidency Mrs. Miles is made to say: "Admiral Dewey has long been a personal friend of General Miles and our family," she said, "and from what I have heard and know I certainly don't believe that he has no wish to be President. The need of the hour is for just such a man—one who would administer the country's first executive position in a manner that would curtail the power of political bosses and other influences under whose rule the people are becoming restive."

This rather assertive knowledge does not coincide with the emphatically expressed views of the admiral on this matter, but the particular sting in Mrs. Miles' words is contained in the implied contempt for President McKinley. As General Miles is a Republican, and has been more than once suggested as an available candidate for the highest office within the gift of the American people, the above quoted phrases are charged with a peculiar indecency.

She also gratuitously expressed a wish for Mr. McLean's success in Ohio, in the same interview. What is the particular venom in Mrs. Miles' soul that induces her to become such a generous confidant of the public?

Don't Speak Ex Cathedra.

It seems that with some influential Democratic journals Mr. Bryan is not doing the thinking for the Democratic party, notably the New York Journal. In replying to the criticism of an Ohio paper that it was ludicrous for the Journal to defend expansion as Democratic doctrine when Bryan and his confederates were persistently anti-expansion, that paper says:

"Before our Ohio contemporary can show that it is ludicrous to present as Democratic a doctrine that is inconsistent with the views of Mr. Bryan it will have to prove that Mr. Bryan has been authorized to do the thinking for the Democratic party."

of the Philippines is the addition of a fly-speck to the map, there would have been no Nebraska for him to stump. Mr. Bryan is not too old to acquire new ideas. He is growing all the time. If his opinions still diverge in some respects from the Democratic traditions, it is he and not the Democracy that will change."

To-Night's Bellare Meeting. Bridgeport Republicans on Thursday night held a very enthusiastic meeting, but their Bellare brethren hope to hold a record breaker for the river front to-night. It will be the first and only opportunity of our Ohio neighbors to see the candidate for governor, Hon. George K. Nash, during the campaign. After the election, if they are in Columbus, they can drop in and pay him a social call at the state house.

Besides the candidate for governor there will be Congressman Taylor, from President McKinley's old district, and Congressman White, of North Carolina, and Hon. Joseph J. Gill, the candidate for Congress. All are forceful speakers, and a great outpouring of the people is expected. Let the whole river front from Martin's Ferry to Bellare turn out and give these gentlemen a rousing welcome and the assurance that the Sixteenth district intends to do her whole duty by the administration as well as support the candidate for governor.

Lesson in Natural History. The Register and the chameleon remind one of each other. The chameleon changes its color in sympathy with the colors around it, or when its temper is stirred. So with the Register; it appears to be changing its editorial position with regard to the proposed refund of the city's indebtedness, and there are persons unkind enough to suggest that the insertion of the name of Colonel Jere A. Miller, who happens to be president of the West Virginia Printing Company, as one of the commissioners of the refund, has considerable to do with the Register's change of heart and mind as evidenced yesterday morning, when it came out for the refund in a half-hearted way. The Intelligencer sincerely hopes that the Register's temper will not be ruffled by these observations, else, like the chameleon again, it may change its spots and fall out of the refund band wagon.

Something in the nature of a personal rebuke to Bryan comes from the Savannah, Georgia, News, in the following instructive item: "One year ago cotton was quoted at 415-16 to 54 cents. Now it is being quoted at 613-16 to 71-16. Politicians would do well to keep these figures in mind whenever they feel like crying calamity. It is hard to convince a man who is now receiving nearly 40 per cent more for his cotton than he did last year that the country is going to the dogs at express train speed." Every day such cheerful tidings are wafted from the once languorous, but now active and industrial south. In time such things will derail Mr. Bryan's calamity train.

We are afraid some of the New York papers are making fun of Mr. Richard Croker. In describing the turmoil that is daily going on at Tammany headquarters, the Sun has the following exquisite dialogue: "Then came the Hon. William E. Grell, who is running for sheriff on Croker's ticket." "Ha! Richard, wie geht's; was giebt's Neues?" said Grell. "Tout la chose est adorable," responded Mr. Croker. "Avez-vous vu ce que j'ai fait a Quigg? Ou est Quigg maintenant?" "Eh?" "Va bene," said Mr. Croker, rubbing his hands, in Italian.

We are told that the crowd of leaders and sycophants greatly marveled at the wonderful versatility of the Boss. The New York World is inclined to bring Mr. Bryan to book for ignoring the tariff issue in his speeches. In gently chiding him for his remissness in this respect it says: "Nevertheless the abandonment of this cardinal Democratic doctrine, fidelity to which has given to the party the only national successes it has won since the war, is unfortunate as a matter of principle and must weaken the party throughout the country." And the World might have added that with every national success of the Democratic party has come disaster to the country through its destructive free trade policy.

When southern editors become angry they get real mad. Just because Admiral Dewey had to revoke his promise to accompany his flag lieutenant to Atlanta on account of his health, the Atlanta Constitution prints a full page picture of Lieutenant Brumby with the line, "Tom Brumby, who planned the battle of Manila." And now Admiral Dewey is supposed to be inconsolably sad.

That was a sharp man in St. Louis, who, to raise a few dollars he needed very badly, got his wife to telegraph to his half-brother in Dayton that he was dead and asking for \$10 to send the body home. He isn't so lifeless as the body home. He is dead as a door nail, but he is dead as a door nail at his half-brother for sending an undertaker and a coffin instead of the cash. Beside he is being held to answer a charge of fraud in court.

Senator Mason, of Illinois, has at last succeeded in giving the country a very bad fight. He has solemnly declared that he would resign if the Republican national convention in 1900 did not declare against "criminal aggression" in the Philippines. With this disaster hanging over the party the situation is critical, indeed.

When George I was in a fair way to become a millionaire, but a darn labor-saving device ruined me. The Farmer—You don't say so. How's that? The Tramp—I was getting along nicely as a bartender in a saloon, when he bought a cash register. Puck.

"Now, George Gasman," said the teacher, "you must tell what you know of the social customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans." The ancient Greeks and Romans, replied young Mr. Gasman, in a loud voice, "were allowed to marry only one wife each, and this was called monogamy." "Life."

The United States customs authorities have decided that Canadian ladies visiting this country can wear waikins cloaks without detention. Suppose they return without them?

Having passed the necessary appropriations the British parliament has been prorogued. Mr. Chamberlain's sleep will not be so disturbed as it has been the past week.

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The housewife will find the Royal Baking Powder indispensable in making finest foods. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry, light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, the most healthful and pleasant of all fruit acids, and adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

Many low-priced, imitation baking powders are upon the market. These are made with alum, and care should be taken to avoid them, as alum is a poison, never to be taken in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A firm name sometimes indicates business infirmity.

It is on his bending knees that a man finds heavy trousers.

A splinter says marriage isn't as much of a failure as marrying.

A man is very apt to play the races and the fool simultaneously.

Poverty may be useful at times, but it is never in the ornamental class.

It is a deplorable fact that idle curiosity keeps a lot of people busy.

All the world's a stage, and all the people thereon would rather play than work.

Men sometimes denounce gossip, but not until they have listened to every word of it.

The average girl never turns up her nose at the man who knows enough to turn down the gas.

An elaborate combstone and a contested will are about the only notoriety wealth brings to some men.

If a man succeeds the world envies him; if he fails it sympathizes with him—and secretly rejoices.

It may be all right for a girl to hustle around for a husband, but after she gets him he should do the hustling.

According to the proverb, riches do not make happiness. Neither does poverty, for that matter, so people might just as well accumulate what wealth they can in an honest way.—Chicago Daily News.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A woman has no use for a man she can't use, unless he uses her.

A woman who is silly enough to join a "mothers' club" doesn't deserve to have any children.

Every girl at some time or other has rubbed mustard on her cheeks to make them look red.

The longer an old bachelor lives the more respect he gets from a lot of women who didn't use to have any use for him.

Every woman has a sneaking wish that the hired girl would let her fix her hair with long cap strings down her back and carry the baby when she goes down on the street car.—New York Press.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

Running No Risk—Maud—I'd hate to think that you'd throw yourself at Fred. Maudie—Well, I don't know what else there is to laugh at.—Tit-Bits.

Y—You say that man who just went by is one of the best known men in town? C—Yes; he couldn't borrow a dollar to save his life.—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher—How dare you laugh at me, you young rascals? Chorus of Pupils—But we're not laughing at you, sir. Teacher—Well, I don't know what else there is to laugh at.—Tit-Bits.

A Gentle Hint—Frank—Blanche pinned a tiny nail on my coat last night. Dick—Do you know what that means? Frank—No, Dick—She wants you to press your suit.—Chicago Daily News.

A Discrepancy—Administration—The Philippines are one hundred years behind us in civilization. Opposition—One hundred? I thought it was one hundred and twenty-five years ago when we began to fight for liberty.—Life.

Tramp—Once I was in a fair way to become a millionaire, but a darn labor-saving device ruined me. The Farmer—You don't say so. How's that? The Tramp—I was getting along nicely as a bartender in a saloon, when he bought a cash register.—Puck.

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With the death of General Guy V. Henry, late military governor of Porto Rico, a gallant life closes.

about that?" "What kind of a girl do you want then?" "What kind of a girl do I want? I want a girl who is able to hire a cook and wait the rest that go to make life comfortable.—Chicago Evening Post.

Unprecedented.

"That man Tom Paul always was terribly hard to get along with," remarked the European diplomat.

"He seems to be simplicity itself."

"Yes, but he doesn't conform to the ordinary rules of diplomacy. Whenever he says anything he means every word of it."—Washington Star.

Somewhat Demoralizing.

"They say the Boers are wonderful marksmen."

"They didn't prove it at Glencoe."

"Well, I guess the best marksmen in the world would be a little rattled if the targets were chasing them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lucky Escape.

Jones—They say Smith's three daughters all got engaged to foreign noblemen while at the "labore," and that Smith is tickled to death about it. Brown—Yes. He's just found out that they are all dry goods clerks, and self-supporting.—Judge.

Among the Breakers.

Chicago News: Long—Family troubles, eh? What rock did your domestic ship spit upon?

Short—It was the absence of "rocks" that caused the spill.

The Difficult Shopper.

First Clerk—What a tiresome customer that woman is!

Second Clerk—Yes; she always knows what she wants and won't take anything else.—Chicago Record.

Each to His Craft.

Plumber—So long; I'm off to lay a pipe.

Poet—Well, good-bye; I'm off to pipe a lay.—Syracuse Herald.

An Idol Shattered.

As he pounded the pedals his glances were cast to the right.

To a trim little maiden ahead.

As she glided along dainty snatches of song.

To the whispering breezes she fed.

Her close-fitting costume revealed to his

A figure of maidenly grace.

And he quickened his speed in an effort

His eyes with a peep at her face.

He had searched in the garden of feminine flowers

For a lady to meet his ideal.

For a maidenly dream of perfection supreme—

For a thing that the linguists call "real."

And now perhaps Fate had thrown right

The angel for whom he had "Oh'd!"

And he bent to the chase in such mad

Denial that he wheel burned a streak in the road!

But the angel of grace was a scorching

herself!

She had broken a record or two—

And feeling that he was pursuing her, she

Just made that old wagon "flew."

The sweet began cooing from every pore

As he made his feet chafed sing.

But he gained not a mile on the maiden

whose flight

Seemed as swift as a bird on the wing.

But at last she had ridden as far as she

could.

And turned in the road with a whirl,

And slowly wheeled back o'er the yet

smoking track.

And he slackened to meet the swift girl.

He stared in her face with a look of sur-

prise.

His color was leathery brown!

And he testily said as he pealed ahead:

"Nah Jove! there's a new com' in town!"

—Selected.

Christ Speaketh Still.

Ah! still the voice of Jesus Christ speaks to His children here!

READING ALOUD.

One of the Lost Arts Which Might Profitably be Renewed.

Hartford Courant: Reading aloud to the children and in the family circle—how fast it is becoming one of the lost arts. What multitudes of children of former days were entertained, and instructed, by this practice, and how few there are who are so entertained and instructed nowadays. Children now, after being taught to read, join that great army which takes in the printed word, swiftly and silently. Most parents, doubtless, are too busy to spare time to educate their sons and daughters by reading to them, and as the children grow older they find their hours too crowded to devote any of them simply to listening. "What is the use?" they would say, if asked, "Tastes differ, and we can read what we want for ourselves. It is a factor in the time that we have to devote to it."—Washington Star.

This is all true enough, but is there not something lost in having the custom of reading aloud lapse so entirely? As a sign of the times, the change is another proof of the rush and hurry of life, and in the family it is more or less to be considered an evidence of the tendency to "Independence" on the part of the younger members. Common interest in a good book, read aloud by a father or mother, is a factor in the home that is important enough to have some attention paid to it. The opposite of "skimming" a book, it develops certain faculties that it is well to have developed, and as an exercise in elocution for the reader it has distinct advantage. Books so read are remembered, and their influence on character far exceeds that of many a volume whose pages are turned in a desperate effort to reach the last. Reading aloud is a salutary check on the habits of reading too much, and reading too fast.

It would certainly be worth while to take up the practice in families, where the conditions favor it, as an experiment. The winter evenings are long, and as one looks back on them he can find at least a few hours that could have been devoted to reading, or to listening. Reading aloud is a quiet enjoyment, to be sure, but it is an enjoyment.

A Georgia Philosopher.

Atlanta Constitution: "How's all the family?"

"Right pear."

"An' how'd yer crap turn out?"

"Jest middlin'."

"An' how'd the lame mule a-doin'?"

"Only tollable."

"Bank muck 'aters?"

"Right smart."

"An' yer rheumatism—how's that?"

"Well, it's done, left one jint an' crope into another, but I ken jest rub hit down into my left leg I won't keer much, kase half that leg's wood."

No Economy.

Chicago Tribune: "It will cost you \$1," said the jeweler, inspecting the works of the timepiece through his eyeglass, "to put this watch in thorough repair."

"Hand it back," haughtily replied the young man on the outside of the counter.

"I can get a new one for ninety-eight cents."

She Knew.

New York Press: Little Ethel—Mamma! I know what a hole is!

Mamma—Do you dear? What is it?

Little Ethel—It's the noshin' wiz somesin' around it.

He's a Contractor.

Sketchy Bits: Film—What's your business?

Film—Contractor.

Film—What line?

Film—Debris.

Not to be Sneezed At.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "I suppose no one knows what you've suffered from hay fever?"

"No one nose, indeed!"

Turkey Crop Will be Large.

Chicago Inter Ocean: Advises have been received from 10,000 inquiries sent throughout Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, Nebraska, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and a few eastern

states, by the Sprague Commission Company, of Chicago, showing that the turkey crop will be 10 to 25 per cent larger than last year. This is due mainly to high prices, farmers having made extra exertions for two years to enlarge their crops.

Prospects are that the chicken crop will be 10 per cent short. Some advances say 25 per cent, and a few 25 to 50 per cent. This is attributed to high prices for eggs, which prevented farmers from holding them in the spring. Good prices for chickens also induced free marketing of hens.

Low prices of ducks discouraged the raising of them, and indications are that the crop will be 10 to 25 per cent short. There will be a shortage of 10 per cent in the crop of geese.

Patience.

I put her letter by, because, With dimming eyes, I needs must pause

To fashion somewhat of her smile From memory, a little while;

To feel again the gentle touch That made me wonder overmuch

If such a soft caress of love Were not for ransomed ones above

Instead of for my earthly bliss— This handless sweeter than a kiss.

I put her letter by a bit To muse and marvel over it

As something rare beyond the ken Of common thought and mortal men;

As something that the tender years Have traced with not ungraceful tears.

A sweet good-bye, it is to say She'll meet me "later on to-day."

And still I wait! And still I wait! The years have gone—the day is late!

A shrine of myrtle for her dust— A letter written with the rust

Of tears—a prayer to understand Her signal from the peaceful land.

I put her letter by—I know Its promise will be kept, and so,

Through misty eyes my soul shall smile And wait in patience yet awhile.—Chicago Record.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured.

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best known purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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